



## Family Reading.

## EASTER MORNING.

I.

Ostera! spirit of spring-time,  
Awake from thy slumbers deep!  
Arise! and with hands that are glowing  
Put off the white garments of sleep!  
Make thyself fair, O goddess!  
In new and resplendent array,  
For the footsteps of Him who has risen  
Shall be heard in the dawn of day.  
Flushes the trailing arbutus  
Low under the forest leaves—  
A sign that the drowsy goddess  
The breath of her Lord perceives.  
While He suffered, her pulse beat numbly;  
While He slept, she was still with pain,  
But now He awakes—He has risen—  
Her beauty shall bloom again.  
O hark! in the budding woodlands,  
Now far, now near, is heard  
The first prelusive warble  
Of rivulet and of bird.  
O listen! the Jubilate  
From every bough is poured,  
And earth in the smile of spring-time  
Arises to greet her Lord!

II.

Radiant goddess Aurora!  
Open the chambers of dawn;  
Let the Hours like a garland of graces  
Enrich the chariot of morn.  
Thou dost herald no longer Apollo,  
The god of the sunbeam and lyre;  
The pride of his empire is ended,  
And pale is his armor of fire.  
From a loftier height than Olympus  
Light flows, from the Temple above,  
And the mists of old legends are scattered  
In the dawn of the Kingdom of Love.  
Come forth from the cloud-land of fable,  
For day in full splendor make room—  
For a triumph that lost not its glory  
As it paused in the sepulchre's gloom.  
She comes! the bright goddess of morning,  
In crimson and purple array;  
Far down on the hill-tops she tosses  
The first golden lilies of day.  
On the mountains her sandals are glowing,  
Over the valley she speeds on the wing,  
Till the earth is all rosy and radiant  
For the feet of the new-risen King.

III.

Open the gates of the Temple;  
Spread branches of palm and of bay;  
Let not the spirits of nature  
Alone deck the Conqueror's way.  
While Spring from her death-sleep arises  
And joyous His presence awaits,  
While Morning's smile lights up the heavens  
Upon the Beautiful Gates!  
He is here! The long watches are over,  
The stone from the grave rolled away.  
"We shall sleep," was the sigh of the midnight:  
"We shall rise!" is the song of to-day.  
O Musel, no longer languishing,  
On pinions of tremulous flame  
Go soaring to meet the Beloved,  
And swell the new song of His fame!  
The altar is snowy with blossoms,  
The font is a vase of perfume,  
On pillar and chancel are twining  
Fresh garlands of eloquent bloom.  
Christ is risen! with glad lips we utter,  
And far up the infinite height  
Archangels the pean re-echo,  
And crown Him with Lilies of Light!  
—*Harper's Magazine.*

## A LOVE LESSON.

BY MRS. SARA L. BURTON.

In a shady corner of a hot-house there lived a motherly old violet, surrounded by her children. Their home was a rough, moss-covered flower-pot, which she did her best to cover and adorn, by hanging over a curtain of glossy, pointed leaves, and placing her little ones where they could be best seen and admired. She thought they were so pretty and modest no one would care for the shabby old house; and she would say, with motherly pride:

"Now hold up your heads, dears, and be as sweet as you can."

And they would open their tiny mouths and send little puffs of fragrance over the walls of their garden to their more splendid neighbors.

They were very happy and contented in their quiet nook; the dear mother sitting in the centre, where she could best reach the nourishment from the roots, and pass it to the young ones scattered around her.

Even the cross old Scotch gardener, who scolded other flowers for climbing too much, or running too fast, always had a kind word for the violets, calling them his "bonny, sweet things."

I never counted the number of the children, but they seemed to be peeping from under every leaf, bending and nodding to each other, and after their evening shower-bath would hide under their green umbrellas, each one with a drop of dew sparkling in her blue bonnet.

In so large a number of children, the mother should have thought herself lucky to have only one naughty one. I've known smaller families that would have been thankful for naughtiness in that proportion. But this good mother mourned over the one discontented and envious child, who would cry:

"I am tired of being cramped down in this dull, musty corner, and stifled with such a crowd of children. And I am ashamed, anyway, of being such a common little thing. No one thinks of taking us to any of the fine weddings or dinners. We're just fit for sick-rooms, or, once in a while, to take an airing in a poor dandy's button-hole, for you can buy a dozen of us on any street-corner for a few pennies! I had rather, a thousand times, be one of those vulgar nasturtiums, running about the ceiling and staring down at everybody, even if they did make a pickle of me at last. I wonder where they are taking all the beautiful big flowers! Some grand doings—but no one thinks of us!"

The dear mother's heart ached over this foolish child, and during the long, dark hours of the night, when the other flowers were asleep, she would rock back and forth on her slender stem, and worry like any woman who has a naughty boy or girl, and lies awake over it.

Now it was the evening before a great festival, and while weeping and bemoaning herself, she was frightened into silence by a rustle among the leaves nearby, and the appearance of a little figure, clad all in green, bearing a lantern made of a white lily. She was so small that her head just reached to the violet's ear, into which she whispered:

"Come, dry your tears, for I have been sent to comfort you. Take up the little one quietly, so as not to waken her, and we'll teach her foolish heart a love lesson."

When the young violet awoke she was stunned at the sight.

They were in a splendid church, the air filled with the fragrance of flowers, and throbbing with heavenly music. Sweet voices were singing:

"Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the victory won;  
Jesus' agony is o'er,  
Darkness veils the world no more."

It was only the choir rehearsing the Easter hymn, but little Violet thought surely they were the angels her mother had told her of, and that the bright lights were the stars in heaven.

The green fairy had left her lantern outside, so she took the trembling blue flower in her arms, and carried her into the chancel, where they could see all the rare and costly flowers, given as a thanksgiving by grateful hearts, for the blessed gift on the first Easter-day.

She pointed to the great windows wreathed with rare vines, their deep recesses bright as garden beds; to the beautiful sculptured font brimming over with color and sweetness; to costly vases filled with roses. There were emblems of the Christian graces; wreaths and crosses in the background because she "hasn't a bit of style," and is "so uncultivated," forgetting that she has always worn shabby clothes that they might wear fine ones; that her hands have become horny with hard work that theirs might be kept soft and white for the piano, and that she has denied herself books and leisure that they might have both. And there are other children, too noble for such base ingratitude, who feel a keen though secret sense of loss as they kiss the dear withered cheek and think how much more of a woman "mother" might have been if she had not shut herself away from the culture and sweet companionship of books.—*Scribner.*

## THE ALMOND TREE.

The almond tree is the first to bloom in Palestine, which it does in January, the coldest month in the year. Many of the allusions to the almond tree in Scripture are because of this fact. Hence, its name which in the Hebrew means "to hasten." Thus (in Jer. i. 11-12), we read: "The word of the Lord came unto me, saying, 'Jeremiah, what seest thou?' And I said, I see a rod of an almond tree. Then said the Lord unto me, 'Thou hast well seen; for I will hasten my word to perform it.'

And this fact that it is the earliest tree of all to blossom, that it hastens to bloom, shows us what a beautiful symbol of resurrection Aaron's rod "that brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds," was. It was commanded to be laid up in the ark of the testimony; beautiful pledge of resurrection, which is laid up in Christ for every believer.

The almond tree is the first tree that blossoms in Palestine; thus also is Christ "risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." He is the "first born from among the dead," and His resurrection is a pledge of the resurrection of all them who trust in Him. "Christ is the first fruits; afterwards they that are Christ's at His coming" (1 Cor. xv. 26). "At His coming" blessed hope! every time we see an almond or a peach tree (which are of the same family) we should think of that coming. But who are they who are raised at His coming? "They that are Christ's." How blessed then to belong to Him! Mother often says, "This is my little boy; this is my little girl." Can Jesus say the same of you? Can He say, this little boy, this little girl is one of the "little ones that believe on me?" (Matt. xviii. 6).

The almond tree blooms in January, the coldest but last month of winter in Palestine. Does not this too teach us something of Christ and His resurrection? Was not this world a cold, cold world towards Him? In crucifying Him, surely man's wickedness reached its highest pitch. Surely the coldness, indeed hatred, of the world towards God was then shown as never before. But was then shown as never before. But Grace triumphed! He rose from the dead, It is to them that the little girl goes

and in Him a new era commences. The sunshine of God's grace in Christ is now warming souls into life through that very death and resurrection.

Another interesting thing about the almond tree is, that, like the peach and apricot, its blossoms appear before its leaves. Does not that, too, teach us of our Lord Jesus Christ? The blossoms are promises of future leaves and fruits. Christ is risen from the dead, and in His resurrection we see the promise of future blessings, which promise will be realized when Rev. xxii. 2 is fulfilled. "In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life which bare twelve manner of fruit, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." But the pledge, the blossom of these millennial blessings, is already given in the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

The almond tree is a native of Palestine—the promised land. It did not belong to Egypt, for almonds were among the presents taken down to Egypt by Jacob's sons (Gen. xli. 11). Thus, also, we know that there is no promise of a glorious resurrection to those who remain in Egypt—the world; but He who has gained for us a place in heaven is Himself a native of it. Those who belong to Egypt, those, I mean, who prefer the world to Christ and choose to have their portion here, shall have no part in Christ and His glory hereafter; but, while those who have followed Him, inherit all these things, these will "have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the second death." (Rev. xxi. 8). —*Sower.*

## WHY WOMEN SHOULD READ.

Lay aside the thought of our own rest and comfort, let us look a little higher. For the children's sake we must make the most of ourselves. Many an unselfish mother has said, "Oh, I cannot take all this time, there are so many things to do for the children." She does not realize that she may do more for them in the end by cultivating herself than if she spends all her time on clothes and cooking. A generosity which makes the recipient weak or selfish is not a blessing but a curse. Have you not seen grown-up sons who snubbed their mother's opinions in the same breath with which they called her to bring their slippers? The meek little woman has "trotted around" to wait on them so long that they have come to think that that is all she is good for. Their sisters ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> "me" in the background because she "hasn't a bit of style," and is "so uncultivated," forgetting that she has always worn shabby clothes that they might wear fine ones; that her hands have become horny with hard work that theirs might be kept soft and white for the piano, and that she has denied herself books and leisure that they might have both. And there are other children, too noble for such base ingratitude, who feel a keen though secret sense of loss as they kiss the dear withered cheek and think how much more of a woman "mother" might have been if she had not shut herself away from the culture and sweet companionship of books.—*Scribner.*

## JESUS MY ALL.

Why should I fear the darkest hour,  
Or tremble at the tempter's power?  
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.  
Though hot the fight, why quit the field?  
Why must I enter, flee or yield,  
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?

When creature comforts fade and die,  
Worldlings may weep, but why should I?  
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.

Though all the flocks and herds were dead,  
My soul a famine need not dread,  
For Jesus is my living bread.

I know not what may soon betide,  
Or how my wants shall be supplied,  
But Jesus knows and will provide.

## PEOPLE WHOM CHILDREN LOVE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Most people profess to love children. I have seldom met anybody who declared that he felt an aversion to them. Yet there are many who look on the little ones very much as though they were superfluous luxuries, pleasant to play with now and then. There are many more to whom they are simply interruptions and discomforts.

The people who have an honest, self-sacrificing and hearty love for children, are not always fathers and mothers. I know men and women who have never married, who are merely uncle and aunt to other folks' bairns, but who delight in every little human blossom which grows near their path. They comprehend the child-heart and tolerate the child-ways as the parent does not always. It is to them that the little girl goes

with her grief or her disappointment, to them that the lad appeals when some injustice has wounded his sense of right. They always have time to listen and time to soothe. And the loyal hearts of the young go out to return their kindness with a wonderful trust and fondness.

You cannot buy a child's love. You may load him with your gifts, and spend your money for his pleasure lavishly, while you are only awakening in him a desire for gain and an appetite for new toys. It is pitiable to observe how selfishness and ingratitude are cultivated in some little hearts by those who never approach the nursery without a bribe in their hand.

Teachers cannot hope for any success except as they can obtain the sympathy and affection of their classes.

A child loves a genuine character. The dancing eyes of Robbie and Jennie are very quick to see through shams. You may impose on older people, but you shall be weighed for what you are in the balances which are held by dimpled fingers. When I was a little girl, a lady, eccentric in appearance and unpolished in manner, but sweet and sound of nature, was a frequent guest in my father's house. Gradually it became understood that she was to spend most of her time there. At one time a question arose in the family council with regard to her remaining an inmate of our home, and she was herself taking part in the discussion, vigorously, as her way was, when a solemn little voice from a child, playing with his blocks on the floor, settled the debate. "There is room enough for Miss Polly," declared the golden-haired oracle of three, and room enough there continued to be. How we loved her, nestling in her ample lap, enjoying her deep tones and her cheery laugh, and feeling instinctively that under all this outer husk of roughness there was an inner self of refinement and worth. Depend upon it children will not cling closely to one whose nature is shallow, and whose tendencies are utterly frivolous.

Another thing which children love is simple-heartedness. Do you remember Mr. Dick, the half-mad philosopher who lived at Miss Betsy Trotwood's house? The boys at Doctor Strong's school adored him, and poor David Copperfield found him the best of companions, though his wits were wandering. But there are royally-endowed men, men of large culture, wide influence, glorious attainment, and lofty aims, who keep always the simplicity of children. They never lose it, and the little ones discover that there is something beautiful about them, and fearlessly follow them, quite unaware that there is any reason for awe, or that the world holds their companion in reverence. Macaulay's nephews and nieces adored him, knowing him not as an author but as a man.

I think too that children are greatly attracted by a true love for Christ outshining from any nature. When Jesus was here the little ones went to Him confidently, and they are as ready now to go to those in whom He reveals Himself. If we are so often in communion with our Lord, that we are being even now changed from one image of Him to another, day by day, we shall be so sweet, so patient, and so tender, that the children will delight in our society. We will not invade their rights, nor hurt their feelings, nor ignore their presence. We cannot obey the command, "Feed my lambs," unless we love Him, and love them, and they love us. Let us try, for the children's sake, to cultivate those graces which are most Christ-like.—*S. S. World.*

"Hushed be the murmuring thought!

Thy will be done!  
O Arbitrator of life and death! I bow  
To thy command. I yield the precious gift  
That was bestowed, and to the silent grave  
Move sorrowing, yet submissive.  
Peace, my bursting heart!  
Oh! I submit. Thy will be done!"

## Useful Hints and Recipes.

SMOKY STOVES.—There is a very simple way of avoiding the disagreeable smoke and gas which always pour into the room when the fire is lit in the stove, heater, or fire on a damp day. Put in the wood and coal as usual; but before lighting them, ignite a handful of paper or shavings, placed on the top of the coal. This produces a current of hot air in the chimney which draws up gas and smoke at once. Not one out of every fifty persons ever thinks of this.

POTATO CROQUETTES.—Mash well-cooked potatoes when quite hot, remove all lumps, put to it a teaspoonful powdered sugar, butter size of an egg, salt, and two or three well-beaten eggs. Press into a pear or cone shape glass till well shaped (butter or wet the glass before putting in the potatoes). When quite cold, dip into raw egg and bread crumbs, and fry in boiling lard.

## Miscellaneous.

## HEPATICA.

Brave blue-eyed herald of the tardy Spring,  
Who, while thy laggard followers still sleep,  
Courageously thy steadfast watch doth keep,  
Glad tidings of her first approach to bring—  
I wonder thy secret patience never fails,  
Though wintry snows be deep on field and hill,  
And from the sea the bitter blast blows chill,  
That no weak doubt thy trusting heart heart assails,  
I marvel at thy subtle chemistry,  
Which can from the cold earth such faith distill,  
And, from gray skies, such azure as doth fill  
Thy gentle upturned eyes. Oh, lesson me,  
Sweet sage! Courage and hope I'd learn of thee,  
And faith that fails not in adversity.  
—Appleton's Journal.

## SWEDEN.

Stockholm lacks the magnificent sunny sweep of the bay of Naples; it lacks too, the voluptuous light of Italy, that so wonderfully gilds and soothes an Italian landscape into a scene of silken beauty. But with the exception of Naples and Edinburgh it is the most nobly situated capital of Europe. The Malar lake, on whose pregnant emerald slopes it lies—or rather in and about which Stockholm runs like an incrustation of rare repose work—is, on a limited scale, a miniature St. Lawrence, full of islands, turreted and twisted into a thousand insular eccentricities, fantastic with foam and firs, covered with the richest umbrage, bright with castles and chateaux, and made alive by a singularly vivacious population. Stockholm itself is a string of islands, linked together by bridges. The crowning architectural feature of the town is the slottet, or royal residence, built upon a lofty islet, and commanding the whole scene with its massive square walls. A beautiful causeway, the Norsbro, lined by low shops and leading down by a stairway to the famous Stromparterre, connects it with the great square and royal theatre. It is one of the finest sights imaginable to stand on this causeway and watch the people drifting over, the thronging ships and steamers in the winding lake beneath, and the brilliant and buoyant life all around.

National Repository.

## A QUEER ENGLISH CUSTOM.

The ancient ceremony of tossing the pancake took place on the 5th inst. (Shrove Tuesday), in the great schoolroom at Westminster. After the Latin prayers at twelve o'clock the college cook, preceded by an Abbey beadle, marched up the school-rooms, carrying the pancake in a frying-pan. This pancake is made, not of flour and eggs, but of putty, and well greased to make it fly from the pan. The cook's object is to throw this pancake over an iron bar, from which formerly hung a curtain, separating the upper from the under school. On the further side of the bar, which is some twenty-five feet perhaps from the floor, stands an expectant crowd of boys, every one of whom is eager to seize the pancake as it falls, and bear it off entire to the Deanery, where a reward of a guinea awaits the fortunate possessor. The cook also, if he does not fail to throw the pancake over the bar, obtains a guinea. This year the cook was successful in his first attempt, and sent the pancake flying well over the bar into the middle of the crowd awaiting it. Then came the battle, or rather, in Westminster parlance, the "greeze." Up and down, backwards and forwards, surged the crowd of boys, and finally, when Dr. Scott interfered to disperse the mass, a broken form remained as evidence of the struggle. No one, however, was fortunate enough to obtain the pancake in its entirety, but several possessed small portions, which were afterwards exhibited as trophies to admiring groups of friends and no doubt will be kept as reminiscences of the "pancake greeze" of 1878. It is now six years since any one succeeded in getting the whole pancake. There were a few visitors present, who, with the masters, watched the proceedings from a respectful distance.—London Week.

## ST. SOPHIA.

It is the only great Christian church which has been preserved from very early times, for the basilicas of St. John Lateran and St. Mary the Greater, at Rome, have been considerably altered. And in itself it is a prodigy of architectural skill as well as architectural beauty. Its enormous area is surmounted by a dome so flat, pitched at so low an angle, that it seems to hang in air, and one cannot understand how it retains its cohesion. The story is that Anthemius, the architect, built it of excessively light bricks of Rhodian clay. All round it, dividing the recesses from the great central area, are rows of majestic columns, brought hither by Justinian, who was 30 years in building it, (A. D. 538-568), from the most famous heathen shrines of the East, among others from Diana's Temple at Ephesus, and that of the Sun at Baalbec. The roof and walls were

Turkish, and Slavonic tribes followed each other in quick succession; and their names as devastators or rulers are inscribed in the history of the Balkan Peninsula, like the ever changing and fantastic colors of the kaleidoscope. At last in the fourteenth century came the Turkish hordes in such numbers from the East, that they made themselves lords of the land, and threatened to overrun half of Europe.

And how mighty was at one time this realm of the Osmanlis! The followers of the Prophet had conquered lands in which Christianity had been rooted for centuries. The classic soil of the Apostles, Corinth and Ephesus, Nice, the city of Synods, Antioch, Nicomedia, and Alexandria, were subjugated to their power. The very cradle of Christianity and the grave of the Saviour, Palestine and Jerusalem, fell into the hands of the Moslems, who contested their possession against the combined attack of all the prowess and chivalry of the Christianity of the West. It was for them to consecrate the church of St. Sophia, in which for a thousand years Christ and the saints had been honored, to the worship of Allah and the prophet. At the very epoch when Christians were contending in Constance, about religious creeds, when the attempted reconciliation between the Greek and Catholic Church was proving to be a failure, and when forty millions of Protestants were preparing to renounce their allegiance to the papacy—at that epoch the Turks were penetrating victoriously into the heart of Europe. Even the Roman emperor fled before them from his capital of Vienna, and the mighty Gothic cathedral of St. Stephen's narrowly escaped becoming a mosque, as had St. Sophia in Byzantium. Only a little less than two hundred years ago, German and Polish heroes annihilated the vast and superior army of Kara Mustapha before the walls of Vienna. It was the last time the standard of the prophet was unfolded in the heart of Europe, when even the vine-clad cities of the Rhine trembled at the name of the Turk.

—National Repository.

adorned with superb mosaics, but the Mohammedans, who condemn any representation of a living creature, lest it should tend to idolatry, have covered all these figures, though in some places you can just discern their outlines through the coat of plaster or whitewash. In place of them they have decorated the building with texts from the Koran, written in gigantic characters, (one letter, Alif, is said to be 30 feet long) on enormous boards suspended from the roof, and in four flat spaces below the dome they have suffered to be painted the four archangels whom they recognise, each represented by six great wings, without face or other limbs. One of the most highly cultivated and widely-traveled ecclesiastics whom Russia possesses (they are, unhappily, few enough) told me that after seeing nearly all the great cathedrals of Latin Europe, he felt, when he entered St. Sophia, that it far transcended them all; that now for the first time his religious instincts had been satisfied by a human work. Mr. Ferguson, in his *History of Architecture*, says something to a similar effect. This will hardly be the feeling of those whose taste has been formed on Western, or what we call Gothic, models, with their mystery, their complexity, their beauty of varied detail. But St. Sophia certainly gives one an impression of measureless space, of dignity, of majestic unity, which no other church (unless perhaps, the cathedral of Seville) can rival. You are more awed by it, more lost in it, than in St. Peter's itself.—Macmillan's Magazine.

## USES OF THE PHONOGRAPH.

For public uses, we shall have galleries where phonograph sheets will be preserved as photograph books now are. The utterances of great speakers and singers will there be kept for a thousand years. In these galleries spoken languages will be preserved from century to century, with all the peculiarities of pronunciation, dialect, or brogue. As we go now to see the stereopticon, we shall go to public halls to hear these treasures of speech and song brought out and reproduced as loud, or louder, than when first spoken or sung by the truly great ones of earth. Certainly, within a dozen years, some of the great singers will be induced to sing into the ear of the phonograph and the electrotyped cylinders thence obtained will be put into the hand-organs of the street, and we shall hear the actual voice of Nilsson or Miss Cary ground out at every corner.

In public exhibitions, also, we shall have reproductions of the sounds of nature, and of noises familiar and unfamiliar. Nothing will be easier than to catch the sounds of the waves on the beach, the roar of Niagara, the discords of the streets, the noises of animals, the puffing and rush of the railroad train, the rolling of thunder or even the tumult of a battle.

When popular airs are sung into the phonograph, and the notes are then reproduced in reverse order, very curious and beautiful musical effects are often times produced, having no apparent resemblance to those contained in their originals. The instrument may thus be used as a sort of musical kaleidoscope, by means of which an infinite variety of new combinations may be produced from the musical compositions now in existence.

The speaking phonograph will, doubtless, be applied to bell-punches, clocks, complaint boxes in public conveyances and to toys of all kinds. It will supersede the short-hand writer in taking letters by dictation and in the taking of testimony before referees. Phonographic letters will be sent by mail, the foil being wound on paper cylinders of the size of a finger. It will recite poems in the voice of the author, and reproduce the speeches of celebrated orators. Dramas will be produced in which all the parts will be "well spoken—with good accent, and good discretion;" the original matrix being prepared on one machine provided with a rubber tube having several mouthpieces; and Madame Tussaud's figures will hereafter talk, as well as look, like their great prototypes!—Scribner.

## Selections.

A Russian proverb: "The knife you sharpen on a poor man's fingers will cut off your own hand."

I have no cares, O blessed Will!  
For all my cares are Thine;  
I live in triumph, Lord! for Thou  
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

A charitable untruth, and uncharitable truth, and an unwise managing of truth or love, are all to be carefully avoided of him that would go with a right foot in the narrow way.—Bishop Hall.

Tasso, being urged to avenge himself upon a man who had done him many injuries, said: "I wish to take from him neither his property, nor his life, nor his honors, but only his ill-will toward me."

"Men die, and their trophies of pride are buried in the dust, but their thoughts live. All truth is indestructible, and survives both names and marbles."—John Lord.

We are all, in a sense, our brother's keeper. Is there a poor, down-hearted man in your community whom sickness and misfortune have reduced? Don't give him the cold shoulder, as is the world's custom when a person is unfortunate. Cheer him, and see if it will not infuse new life into his heart. Do more.

And I said in under-breath, "All our life is mixed with death,  
And who knoweth which is best?"

\* \* \* \* \*  
And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness,  
Round our restlessness. His rest.  
—Mrs. Browning.

Oh, what encouragement is for you, who, like Daniel, are greatly beloved, who study much the book of God's word, and who set your face unto the Lord by "prayer and supplication" to seek gifts for the Church of God! Sometimes the vapors that ascend in the morning come down in copious showers in the evening; so may it be with the prayers of God's children.—McCheyne.

For what is our proof of immortality? Not the analogies of nature—the resurrection of nature from a winter grave—or the emancipation of the butterfly. Not even the testimony to the fact of risen dead; for who does not know how shadowy and unsubstantial these intellectual proofs become in unspiritual frames of mind? No; the life of the Spirit is the evidence. Heaven begins to be the living proof that makes the heaven to come creditable. "Christ in you is the hope of glory." It is the eagle eye of faith which penetrates the grave, and sees far into the tranquil things of death. He alone can believe in immortality who feels the resurrection in him already.—F. W. Robertson.

## Science and Art.

Several rooms at Versailles hitherto closed to the public are to be opened from May 1. They contain as many as 1,000 historic portraits, dating from the foundation of the monarchy to 1799.

The old steward who is holding up his hands in plate 11 of Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode* is a portrait of Edward Swallow, butler to Archbishop Herring, of Canterbury. Hogarth had been greatly struck with the honesty and simplicity of the old fellow's face.

CONSTANT EARTH CURRENTS.—Dr. Richard Owen, Professor of Geology in the State University of Indiana, has been conducting a series of experiments to determine the direction of underground currents of electricity. He finds their general direction to be from the Northwest. A continuous current from the atmosphere into the ground below it, is also reported.

BURNING SEWER GAS.—San Francisco authorities are considering with favor a proposal to get rid of sewer gas by burning it. The method is simple, consisting chiefly of such connection of the sewers with the street lamps, that when the latter are lighted they will burn the sewer gas along with the carburetted hydrogen. The addition of the sewer gas is said to have no appreciable effect upon the light. Professor Davidson, in response to an invitation to express his views on the subject, speaks very favorably of the scheme. The *Bulletin* refers to it as the invention of a San Francisco lady.

HEAT OF THE HUMAN BODY.—Surgeon Major Crosse Johnston, of the British army, has lately made a remarkable report as to the heat of the body in different climates. This is put down in medical works as being in temperate climates about 98.4 Fahrenheit, and Dr. Becker has estimated the increase in hot climates at 0.5 Fahrenheit to one degree of increase in the temperature of the atmosphere. In September, 1876, at Bellary, where the mean temperature was 81.7, Dr. Johnston made observations morning and night for a week upon sixteen healthy men, who had been residing in India at least three years, and found that the temperature under the arm had a mean of 97.68 only, which is lower than the calculation of Dr. Becker, or than the mean temperature of men in temperate climates. The experiments were repeated with the utmost care, and went to confirm the conclusion that the heat of the body is lower in tropical than in temperate climates.

CHEAP ELECTRICAL APPARATUS.—The young who study science now have great advantages over their fathers. Books on scientific subjects are written more simply, and the experiments suggested are less costly than the older ones. A further improvement has been devised by preparing cheap sets of apparatus for the illustration of an entire branch of science. In carrying out this plan with respect to electrical science, the well-known work of Professor Tyndall has been followed, and apparatus is provided to execute each of the experiments he describes. Separately the pieces of apparatus can be bought separately at an average of about a dollar apiece; the whole set for that science costing \$55. With such apparatus in his hands, a student learns to think and operate for himself, far more effectively than with costly machines, which he is rarely permitted to use. The system has been developed, and already has been found of good service in the furtherance of intelligent educational work; the apparatus being neatly made, presents an attractive appearance, and helps to interest the scholar in the care and management of the tools of science.

POWER OF THE WAVES.—Those who have never lived on a stormy coast, nor been to sea, can form no adequate idea of the effect that can be produced by the impact of a succession of waves or of a single wave. What has happened at Wick, on the extreme northeastern coast of Scotland, where a breakwater has been building for some years past, may give an idea of what is meant by wave-power. It was found that stones of ten tons weight were as pebbles to the waves, which have been measured to be here forty-two feet from the crest to the bottom of the trough. The outer end of the breakwater, where the storms beat most violently, was built of three courses of one-hundred-ton stones laid on the rubble foundations; next above these were three courses of large flat stones, and upon this a mass of concrete, built on the spot, of cement and rubble. The end of the breakwater was thought to be as immovable as the natural rock; yet the resident engineer saw it slowly yield to the

force of the waves, and swing round into the less troubled water inside the pier. It gave way not in fragments, but in one mass, as if it was a monolith. The displaced mass is estimated to weigh about 1,350 tons.

## Personal.

Professor Taylor Lewis has had his memory appropriately honored by his friends, who have shown their regard in a practical manner by making a handsome gift to the Professor's family.

Mr. William Cullen Bryant is now eighty-four years old, having been born in 1791. He thinks nothing of a long walk, and steps of with the elasticity of youth. He is a small man, while his portraits give the idea of a large one.

Princess Mary of Teck is so patriotically warlike that she is called the "Queen of the Jingoes." The other day the English Premier was dining with her Royal Highness. "You have," she said, "the Queen with you, Parliament and the country; what more do you want?" Lord Beaconsfield glanced at his plate, and solemnly replied, "Potatoes, ma'am."

Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, it is understood, will deliver the next course of the Lyman Beecher Lectures in the Divinity School of Yale College. Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. John Hall, Phillips Brooks, and Rev. Dr. Dale, of England, have been the lecturers thus far.

## Books and Periodicals.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for May contains a large amount of fascinating, instructive reading matter, and most of the articles are beautifully illustrated. The variety is very great, adapting itself to the wants and tastes of all. The table of contents is as follows: Coast Rambles in Essex. Illustrated: The Italian Poets. Illustrated: The Silent Trout.—A Poem; The Story of Jean Malcomb. Illustrated: Four Poems by Michael Angelo: Old Masters.—III. Peter Paul Rubens. Illustrated: The Italian Poet in Exile.—A Poem; Along the Havel. Illustrated: Song Birds of the West. Illustrated: Easter Morning.—A Poem. Illustrated: Macleod of Dare.—A Novel. Illustrated: The Return of the Native.—A Novel—Book Second. Illustrated: My Nephew's Cretches.—A Story; Free Muscular Development: Why Jack went to Europe.—A Story; The English Civil Service: May-Flower. A Poem; Editor's Easy Chair; Editor's Literary Record; Editor's Scientific Record; Editor's Historical Record; Editor's Drawer. Terms, \$4.00 for one year. Harper's Weekly and Harper's Bazar will be furnished with the Magazine to one address for \$10.00 per annum, or two of the periodicals for \$7 per year.

Contents of WIDE AWAKE for May, 1878: Frontispiece. "Dropping Corn." Drawn by Mary A. Latthbury; Dropping Corn. Poem. Mary B. C. Slade. Illustrated: Frontispiece; Bobby's Shirts. Mrs. Anna A. Preston. Illustrated by Miss Plympton; Left-Handed Luck. Louise Stockton; Muffy. Poem. Laura Sanford; The Child Toilers of Boston Streets. No. V. The Fruit-Venders. Emma E. Brown. Illustrated by Katherine Pearson; Rubber Boots. Poem. Adelaide G. Waters. Illustrated by Miss Plympton; "True Blue." Chapter VIII. Mrs. Lucia Chase Bell. Illustrated by F. T. Merrill; The Children's Garden. Mrs. Louise B. Goodell; Classics of Childhood and Science. Series I. Aladdin, Mrs. Glare, Peter, Baba, and Baba. Illustrated by Lucy L. Loring; The Story of English Literature. III. The Early Drama and Dramatists. Lucy Cecil White (Mrs. Lillie). Illustrated; How the Froggies go to Sleep. Poem. J. K. Nutting. Illustrated by L. Hopkins; A General Misunderstanding. Chapter VIII. Charles R. Talbot. Illustrated by L. Hopkins; Poets' Homes.—XVII. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Arthur Gilman. Illustrated: Number Nine; Belle Stuart. Illustrated by "Boz"; Galileo's Tower. Mrs. Alfred Macy. Illustrated from Photographs; Clean Hands, Pure Lips. Mary D. Brine. Illustrated; Discoveries in the Moon. Verse. O. Howard; Little Miss Muslin of Quintillion Square. V. She Works Her Father Some Slippers. John Brownjohn. Illustrated by L. Hopkins; Dai-sy and the Pussa-ba-by. Large Print. Verse. Mrs. J. Miller. Illustrated; "Wide Awake Sewing Societies and Knitting Bees;" Tangled Knots. Kit Clinton; Music. "Purr, Purr." Price, 20 cents a number, \$2.00 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., 30 and 32 Franklin St., Boston.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL for May has several papers of special interest. The first is an elaborately-illustrated article on "Rapid Transit in New York," which gives views of the elevated roads now nearing completion, describes and illustrates the method of constructing the Gilbert road, and includes engravings of the various plans for transit that have been proposed, thus affording a complete pictorial history of the subject. It is a paper that will be read everywhere with interest, inasmuch as elevated railways in cities are an experiment that is watched in all parts of the country with close attention. The second article of special interest is a collection of hitherto unpublished correspondence by Edgar A. Poe, gathered from original sources by J. H. Ingram, the English biographer of the poet. The letters were written in the last three years of the poet's life, and throw a new light upon a part of the poet's career never hitherto explored, viz., his relations with three high-minded women, around whose names the documents naturally group themselves. Julian Hawthorne has the first part of a striking novelette, entitled "Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds;" Dr. Guernsey gives a graphic description of the African King, Mtsess, whom Stanley affirms he converted to Christianity; Lucy Hooper writes from Paris a description of some of the more important French pictures designed for the Paris Exposition; Norah Perry has a short story, "For Love of Her;" there is a paper on "Real and Ideal Houses," in which the *bric-a-brac* mania is well hit; and the editorial and book departments are not less interesting than usual.

The April Number of THE COMPLETE PREACHER opens the third volume of this valuable sermonic magazine. The present is a very interesting number, containing the following sermons in full: (1) Why Christians Believe the Doctrine of Future Everlasting Punishment, by Henry J. Van Dyke, D. D., late Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly. This sermon meets most ably Canon Farrar's challenge to prove the doctrine of an "Endless Hell," independent of the words "Hell," "Damnation," and "Everlasting," as contained in our English translation of the Bible. (2) The Judgment Day, by H. P. Liddon, D. D., Canon of St. Paul's, London. (3) The Misery of Man, by Adolph Monod, D. D., the greatest of modern French Protestant preachers, translated for this publication by J. E. Rankin, D. D., Washington, D. C. (4) Aaron's Death—Life's Review; A Plea for Earnest Self-Examination, by Theodor Christlieb, D. D., the most eloquent of German Divines, and the one who awoke so great enthusiasm at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in New York, translated by A. C. Wedekind, D. D. (5) The False Light—A Reply to Canon Farrar, by Justin D. Fulton, D. D. Published by The Religious Newspaper Agency, New York, Price, 25 cents. Per year, \$2.00.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 1766.—April 20, 1878. Contents: A Broad-Church Bishop, Church Quarterly Review; Macleod of Dare, Advance Sheets; Mr. Froude's "Life and Times of Thomas Becket," Contemporary Review; Erica, Frau von Ingelheim; The Story of George Cruikshank, Chambers' Journal; The Analogies of Plant and Animal Life, Nature; The Tobacco Tax in Germany, Spectator; The Gardner-Bird, Spectator; The Legitimate Sphere of Agnosticism, Spectator; Poetry: Death's Changed Face; The Explorer. Published every Saturday by Littell & Gay, Boston.

## The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.  
Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,  
Rev. J. M. TITZEL,  
Rev. E. E. HIGBEE, D. D., } Synodical Editors.

To CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see first page.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1878.

## THE RESURRECTION AS A CONSOLING FACT.

The Divine energy which operated in the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ was, as might have been expected, unseen by men. The chosen witnesses in reporting what they saw, simply mention that "the sepulchre was already empty;" but even if it had been God's pleasure that they should see the body rise, the process by which it was effected would have been incomprehensible to them. The mystery of the manner of it, is set for faith. There is in this, as in all the creative acts of God, a sublime reserve which challenges adoration. There is no display that stoops to satisfy scientific investigations. And there is in the circumstances an evidence of majestic serenity which is God-like. While all around were seized with surprise or consternation, the folded napkin showed the composure with which every thing had been done inside of the sepulchre. Indeed the fact that there was not the slightest trace of hurry or disorder there, helped to confirm the beloved disciple's faith that his Lord had indeed risen.

Yet the fact of the resurrection itself was none the less glorious, because the power that effected it, worked in secret. Christ showed Himself alive by so many infallible proofs that its credibility has never been successfully questioned. How the Jews sought to throw doubt upon it, and with what impotent rage they persecuted those who preached it, no reader of the Bible need be told. That was the main point of attack, because they knew how much depended upon it, and upon it the apostles were willing to stake everything. It was that by which the crucified One was declared to be the Son of God with power. It demonstrated His triumph over not only the opposition of men, but over death and hell, and the world's hopes were linked to it.

Almost every person is confounded by the greatness of this theme. There is a sort of confused consciousness of being at the centre of a circling movement of innumerable sublimities; too magnificent to be arrested, too complicate to be immediately understood, and too solemnly and divinely impressive to be calmly and clearly contemplated and studied. But it is a great deal to know that the triumph of our Lord over death was more than a mere return to the present order of life. It went beyond the raising of Lazarus. Christ dieth no more. In His death was abolished and the grave was made but the furrow in which the seeds of immortality are cast, for His resurrection was an emerging from the mortal side of our nature into a glorified state which found its full completion when He ascended to the right hand of the Father.

This is full of consolation for us. It opens the way for the ultimate consummation of God's utmost intentions in behalf of men. For the resurgent power which Christ showed, was not only simply for Himself as separate and apart, but as the second generic Head of our humanity. He became the first fruits of them that slept, and the same power that wrought in Him will also quicken our mortal bodies. We can look through death to that which lies beyond, for the Conqueror has opened a gate from beyond which ulterior light gleams gloriously. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. This vile body will be fashioned like unto His own glorious body according to the workings whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself.

## MIXED.

According to a correspondent of the *London Times*, in regard to the apostolic letter of Leo XIII., creating the Scottish hierarchy, the Pope has fallen into a curious error. The new pontiff in giving a cursory review of the Scotch Church, refers to "St. Ninian instructed in the faith by the venerable Bede." The difficulty is that St. Ninian died in the year, A. D. 482, while the venerable Bede was not born until A. D. 673—nearly two and a half centuries after.

Certainly Ninian and Bede are good persons to appeal to. The venerable man of Yarrow was one of the noblest characters of any age; but not always in exact accord with Rome. Montalembert says that if his earnest appeals for greater purity of life and doctrine had been heeded, the subsequent division of the Church would have been avoided. By the way, Bede translated the Bible and Church services into Anglo-Saxon, protesting that men should at least know what they were saying when they used the Lord's Prayer and the Creed. Yet it is hardly to be expected that the vernacular will be used in the new hierarchy. The unknown tongue will still be employed, St. Paul's advice on the subject to the contrary, notwithstanding.

## A PROCLAMATION OF THE BANNS.

It is more than probable that, at no distant day, the old law requiring that the "Banns" be published before marriage, will be re-enacted and put in full force. Some such requirement seems to be necessary, not simply for the protection of ministers of the gospel, but for the safety and well-being of society. The suggestion comes from those, who were formerly disposed not only to ridicule the notice of a marriage given in a church, but to make the ceremony itself as farcical as possible by way of protest against "forms," which, in the opinion of some, might, but for the name of the thing, be omitted altogether. It is felt, after all, that if the old practice of a proper announcement of the Banns were again made obligatory, it would do more to prevent clandestine and fraudulent marriages than the whole modern system of law and license bearing upon the subject.

As it is, there is no protection for a minister against imposition. In some States a license from the civil courts is given, but that is no guarantee for him, since under other statutes he can be prosecuted for doing that which the State gives him a written warrant to do. He is thrown, after all, upon his own judgment, and the fact that he has been deceived does not prevent him from being heavily fined. But this is not all. If he is true to his office he is most anxious not to consummate unions, which may entail misery upon those whose mere impulses may lead them to false steps. He feels that he owes to parents in particular, and to society in general, as well as to the persons immediately concerned, a duty which is paramount to every consideration, and yet false representations and pleas of necessity are sometimes so strong, that men have yielded to them, especially in view of the fact that refusal would only drive the parties to some less responsible official, or in other ways make matters worse.

This general subject has been brought under discussion by the notorious Lopez-Morrison case of New York City, in which a young girl was cajoled or frightened into a marriage with an adventurer, and the tie thus formed used on the part of the man to blackmail the parents of the bride. That case, a contemporary says, was "not after all so bad as many which occur with unfortunate frequency; where money is not the only object, but where deception and desertion are accomplished under the sacred name of marriage, and the wife often, degraded and ashamed, comes to the very worst that can befall a woman."

It is thought, that a compulsory proclamation of the Banns in some form or another, would do much to guard against an evil that is becoming common, and it is urged that there can be no more objection to it, than to sending around wedding cards in advance. There may be special reasons for which persons and families may at times wish marriages to

be strictly private and even un-announced. But even in those cases, there would be more respect paid to circumstances of grief, for instance, than would be apt to be shown if a community were surprised, and there would be more than a compensation in the fact, that the general interest of society would be promoted by making announcements the rule. And at any rate, the tittering secrecy that only feeds gossip is incompatible with the dignity of marriage and tends to demoralization.

## THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

The Scriptures clearly teach that there will be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust. Though dust we are and unto dust we shall return, yet we shall live again. Though death shall dissolve our bodies, yet will they be restored to us. When the Lord comes again all the millions that slumber in earth's bosom shall arise from their graves. The good—those who have been cleansed by the blood of Jesus and clothed with His righteousness, who have walked after the Spirit and not after the flesh—shall arise to dwell and reign with Jesus forever in heaven; and the wicked—those who finally reject the offer of salvation, and continue in sin—shall arise to be cast out into outer darkness, where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. Of all this the resurrection of Jesus is a sure pledge. Because He arose, we shall arise also. The relation between His resurrection and ours is, indeed, such, that St. Paul declares they both stand or fall together.

Our resurrection, however, will not be a restoration to the present order of life, any more than was that of Jesus. The body which we shall receive, will, in many respects, be very different from that we have now, and designed for an entirely different world from the present. The bodies of the saints which are now perishable, disfigured, feeble, and carnal, St. Paul tells us will become, in the resurrection, immortal, beautiful, strong ~~in short their bodies~~ in short their bodies which are ethereal now, like that of the first man, Adam, will become like that of the second man, the Lord from heaven, heavily.

Of what nature the bodies of the ungodly shall be the Scriptures do not particularly inform us, but the first Christian teachers "imagined that the nature and state of the bodies of the wicked would be such as to aggravate their sufferings." And in this opinion there is every reason to believe they were correct. Between the body and the soul, the outer and the inner man, there is a much greater degree of correspondence than by many is supposed.

The brutish man has a brutish countenance. The hideousness of sin generally depicts itself in the features of those who are guilty of heinous offences against God and their fellow-men. The reason frequently given by persons for not trusting in certain individuals, namely, that they have a bad countenance, has more of philosophy in it than is sometimes supposed. And in as much as the body and soul correspond in nature in this life, it is both reasonable and highly probable that they will do so in the world to come.

Hidden and mysterious, however, as many things are that pertain to our future state, this we do certainly know—for He who is the truth and the life has revealed it unto us,—that "the hour is coming, in the which all that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." And this knowledge itself, apart from all speculation concerning it, how consoling to the Christian! There is something naturally revolting to us in the thought, that our bodies will be laid in the grave and see corruption. But it is a great measure—yes, may we not say entirely—dispels the darkness and horror of the tomb to be able to say, with pious Job of old, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see

for myself and mine eyes shall behold and not another." It is hard to part with those we love, and to lay the bodies of our friends and relatives in the dark and narrow tomb—to see the clods of earth hide from our view all that remains on earth of a father or a mother, a son or a daughter, or some dear friend; but it is an inestimable consolation to know, as we do through the gospel, that if they and we are heirs of God we shall meet again—meet again in incorruptible and immortal bodies, in that bright and happy world where Jesus now dwells, and where there are no tears and no partings, but all is resplendent with everlasting glory and happiness!

But we must not forget that if we would truly enjoy this consolation and comfort, we must forsake the paths of sin and iniquity and devote ourselves sincerely and earnestly to the service of God. To the wicked the resurrection be ought to, and indeed will be, a cause of terror, and not of joy; for they shall arise not, like the righteous, to glory everlasting, but to endless shame and misery. Exceedingly great is the hope held out in the gospel of Jesus Christ, but only to those who believe on Him and become His true disciples.

T.

## JUNIATA COLLEGiate INSTITUTE.

We are in receipt of the annual catalogue of this institution for 1877-78. The institute was founded in 1858 and incorporated in 1859. It is located at Martinsburg, Blair Co., Pa., in the heart of that beautiful section of country known as Morrison's Cove. The original Collegiate building is large, four stories high. An extensive boarding house was added in 1868, making the combined front one hundred feet, with a depth of sixty-five feet.

The institute was originally established by the Rev. L. Cort, and carried forward under his direction for a number of years. Several years ago it passed into other hands. It has at present six professors and instructors. P. H. Breidenbaugh, A. B., is President and Professor of Moral Philosophy, History, Theory of Teaching Latin, and Higher Mathematics; W. W. Deatrick, A. B., Professor of Greek, German, Natural Science, Book-Keeping, Penmanship, and English Grammar; W. H. Breidenbaugh, Teacher of Mental Arithmetic, Geography, and Reading; Miss Alice Morrow, Teacher of Instrumental Music; D. N. Croft, Professor of Vocal Music; and Miss Martha S. Wilson, Teacher of Painting, Drawing and Wax Flowers.

The institution is in a flourishing condition. The names of sixty-one pupils appear in the catalogue, of whom forty-four are males and twenty-seven females, the larger proportion of them being borders in the institution, for whose accommodation it possesses ample facilities. The Spring term, we are informed, has just opened under very encouraging circumstances, with an actual attendance of fifty-four pupils.

F.

## Notes and Quotes.

The verses on our family page, entitled "Jesus my All," were sent to us on a time-embroidered slip cut from the MESSENGER, when published in a pamphlet form many years ago. The date is not given.

A lady, for many years a teacher, and conversant with French and German, would like to form an engagement to go to Europe this summer, as secretary or governess, or in any similar position in which her services might be considered equivalent to her traveling expenses. Refers to the Editors of the MESSENGER.

The Methodist rejoices in its success in employing girls as type-setters. It says the foreman never has any fear of boozy hands on Monday morning, and the Presbyterian Weekly wants to know whether the girls never insist upon going shopping when its contemporary is about going to press and every one is busy.

The Churchman is quoted in one of our exchanges as saying: "By common consent the Thirty-nine Articles have

now ceased to be considered binding. They are used to point a jest occasionally; but a citation of one of them as authoritative would be met with a smile." We think the assertion should be credited to the *Church Journal*, which made it, in one of its last issues.

What the *Christian Union* calls a "lively prayer-meeting," was lately held at Flint, Mich. "One hundred and thirty-five persons spoke, and the choir sang four times, all in the space of twenty-two minutes." The meeting may have been "lively" enough, but it is hard to think that it was edifying. Yet, many, doubtless, thought they were having an exact repetition of what took place on the day of Pentecost.

The Congregational "Ministerial Bureau," which was set up in Boston a year or two ago, with the view of furnishing revivalists to order, but which failed for lack of patronage, has been re-opened—a Mr. Geo. Beal, we are told, "having faith and patience to try again." "He keeps a full list of ministers, and churches desirous of mutual acquaintance," and is ready to supply the gospel by contract. Church members are to be relieved of a great deal of care, as we suppose the bureau will give the authority to preach as well as judge of the orthodoxy of the preacher. But this idea of making merchandize out of divine ministrations, and charging so much per cent. for commissions, will shock even the ultra Puritan sense which may yet remain in New England.

A London correspondent of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, says the following advertisement appears in the course of periodic advertisement in the *Times*:

"Honeymoon Retreat.—Cottage Villa Residence in — to be let, furnished, for three months—April, May, June—very reasonable; lovely country—hill and dale, lanes of ferns carpeted with flowers, extensive views at every gate. Drawing, dining, study, painted walls, four bedrooms. Respectable servant. Verandah, lawn, garden, ample supply of kale, leeks, onions, carrots, turnips, beets, parsnips, spring flowers. A pet donkey, as gentle and wise as a big dog, donkey carriage and cart; fowls and ducks in full lay; last, not least, a pet cat. 5½ miles from station."

That is just about as sweet as sweet can be. Indeed it is almost too sweet. The arbutus to which we referred last week seems to have wilted before it. If such a place were offered for rent on this side of the water, it would shorten the course of study in nearly all the Theological Seminaries in the land. We do not know but that some older ministers would be willing to undergo a short attack of bronchitis. But how would it be when the three months were up?

## Among the Exchanges.

We clip this from the *Interior*: St. Augustine enjoyed good church-music. Speaking of the singing as organized by St. Ambrose, he said: "How I wept, O God, deeply touched by the hymns and songs of praises, as uttered by the voices of the sweetly-singing congregation. The voices flowed in at my ears, truth was distilled in my heart, and the affection of piety overflowed in sweet tears of joy." That must have been fine congregational singing. If the good saint could hear a modern solo-soprano-shrieker skipping from one volcano of thunderous base to another, he would weep again, but not tears of joy.

The *Presbyterian Journal* says, that there are two ministers, one in Philadelphia, the other in Boston, decidedly opposed to much ceremony in the administration of the Lord's Supper. They simply display the bread and wine on the table, without requiring or inviting the congregation to partake of them. This is in keeping with a growing tendency of the times to make religion a light and easy service. Some, it may be feared, will soon regard the requirement of public worship met by merely looking at the church, as the boy eased his conscience in regard to private devotion, by tying the Lord's Prayer to his bed-post, and pointing to it every morning and evening as "containing his sentiments." In the meantime, it remains a sure and solemn truth, that "strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life," and that "the righteous are scarcely saved."

The *New York Observer* has this on "College Dastards:"

The dictionaries define a dastard as "a coward," "one who meanly shrinks from danger." We do not know of a class to whom the term may be more appropriately applied than to college students, who mask themselves, and cover, in making assaults upon their fellows. In some of the recent college outrages, it has been very difficult to identify the parties committing the violence, on account of the pre-

cautions taken by the students to avoid recognition. Can anything be more cowardly, than for a dozen or a half dozen young men to enter at midnight the room of one or two unprotected youths for the purpose of inflicting bodily injury, when all the odds and advantages are on the side of the assailants? Burglars arm and mask themselves, because they expect to be repulsed, but these college heroes have no thought of exposing their precious persons to any resistance which they cannot overcome by superior numbers and no thought of exposing themselves to detection. They must have helpless victims to prey upon, and even then must have their identity concealed. If there is anything meaner or more dastardly than this we do not know it.

A gentleman who is now sojourning in Europe, and who has seen the accounts in the papers of the valorous exploits of our American Collegians, writes:

"If the college students in the United States had any idea of the contempt with which *hazing* is regarded by college men in the Old World, they would be ashamed of it. There the love of fun and frolic shows itself in deeds of violence, it is very true; but the sense of honor compels every man to give others fair play: it forbids taking a mean advantage: coming upon an unarmed victim by surprise and inflicting bodily injury when he is unable to defend himself. Two to one, five to two, a dozen strong fellows setting upon two or three, such cowardly conduct is unheard of in institutions to which gentlemen resort. An atmosphere pervades the universities here that prevents or forbids such meanness."

The *Lutheran Standard* thus discourses on "The True Basis of Education:"

It is an encouraging sign of the times that we discover in the fact of the necessity of the religious element in education being insisted upon by many writers on the school-question. It is true, they generally seem to think that the State ought to make its schools and colleges, in part at least, a sort of religious instructors, without defining very clearly to what extent this instruction is to be carried. But even the mere discussion of the matter, inviting as it does, a careful consideration of the principles involved, and of the tendencies becoming more manifest every day, will no doubt do some good.

In proportion as the hope that our public schools can be made religious in any approximately satisfactory sense must be abandoned as a vain one—the tendency rather being more and more to secularize and paganize them—the necessity of establishing independent religious schools is pressed upon Christian conscience. A writer in the *N. Y. Observer* very aptly says: "Any right education, without this one thing—namely, the quality of a moral sense instructed and guided by the Word of God—is impossible. It is a pretence, the greatest of all frauds that a State can commit upon its own subjects; giving them stones and a serpent when they ask for bread; giving them an insurance of prosperity in this world, without regard to that which is to come; 'good for this world, if there be no hereafter,' constructing harbors for them without lighthouses, and building lighthouses upon quicksands; sowing their fields with wind, to bring forth the whirlwind: for such is the natural retribution that must come upon any people in this world, who, having once had the light of the Word of God in their government and in their schools, have expelled it from both, under pretense of an impartial conscience towards the men who do not believe in God. This tells the whole story: 'Their fear towards me is taught by the precepts of men; therefore the wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and their harvest shall be of the tares which they have sown.' Without religious truth we are without moral truth, and such an education is as a tree cut off from the roots."

## Church News.

### OUR OWN CHURCH.

#### SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in the Heidelberg Reformed church in this city, of which the Rev. James I. Good is pastor, on Sunday, the 14th instant.

The occasion was one of deep interest and solemnity. The number of communicants was large, and forty-four persons were added to the church, fifteen by confirmation, eighteen by certificate, and eleven by renewed profession. Thirty were added at the previous communion, making the additions to the church during the present pastorate, which commenced in October last, seventy-four.

Services were held every evening during the three weeks previous to the day of communion, which were well attended, and highly appreciated by all who were present.

During the past winter, it has been the custom of the pastor to lecture at the services during the week from twenty to thirty minutes on some portion of the Heidelberg Catechism prior to entering upon the devotional services, and he has endeavored in all his teachings to impress on the hearts of his hearers the absolute necessity of a life communion with God through Christ, in order to salvation, or profitable membership in the Church. The congregation has indications of a prosperous future before it.

In connection with the Easter communion held in the church at Allentown, Pa., of which the Rev. A. J. G. Dubbs is pastor, eighty-seven persons were added to the church by confirmation, after a due course of catechetical instruction, four of whom received adult baptism, and fourteen are heads of families, several over sixty years of age. The good Lord is thus greatly prospering the work He has entrusted to His servant's hands.

Rev. F. K. Levan, late Superintendent of Missions, has accepted a call from the Reformed church at Wilkesbarre, Pa. He has been laboring in this field for some time, and we are pleased to learn, with encouraging success. His post-office address is accordingly changed from Philadelphia to above-named place.

A more than usually interesting anniversary service was held by the Sunday-school connected with the church on Race street, below Fourth, in this city, of which the Rev. Dr. D. Van Horn is pastor, on Sunday evening, the 14th instant. It was its seventy-second anniversary. This marks it as one of the oldest, if not the oldest, Sunday-school in this city. The school was organized on the 14th of April, 1806. Of this fact, documentary evidence is at hand, so that there is no mere conjecture in regard to the matter. Forty scholars attended on the first day, and in a short time the number increased to one hundred. The mode of instruction differed considerably from that pursued at the present day. In this

matter, as well as in regard to other things, a great advance has been made.

The audience present at the late anniversary was very large, the entire space in the body of the large church, not occupied by the school, as well as the gallery, being closely packed with attentive and interested spectators. The exercises on the occasion were made up of considerable variety, in which the scholars themselves took a large part, not excluding the infant school. A number of hymns and anthems were sung; several recitations were had by the scholars; a brief annual report was read by the Superintendent, and short addresses were delivered by the pastor and two others. The whole passed off very happily and pleasantly, and the impression produced, we have reason to believe, was most salutary.

The school is in a prosperous condition. A considerable accession was made to the scholars during the year; one feature also in the programme for the anniversary, being the presentation of a book to each of the five scholars, who had brought in the highest number of new scholars during the year. The contributions for the year amounted to some five hundred dollars. The school has evidently taken a new start, and gives much promise for the future.

#### SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in Christ Reformed church, Green street, Philadelphia, Rev. G. H. Johnston, pastor, on Easter Sunday. Services were held every evening during Passion Week, except Saturday, and also on Good Friday morning, at which time services preparatory to the holy communion were held. Confirmation services were held on Friday evening, when eleven persons were admitted to membership in the church, three by confirmation and eight on certificate. A further accession to the church is expected on Whitsunday. The pastor was assisted from Friday morning until the close of the services by the Rev. Dr. Thomas G. Apple, of the Theological Seminary at Lancaster, Pa. The whole occasion had more than usual interest thrown around it.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in the Schaeffer's and Dubb's churches, of the Codorus charge, Rev. J. D. Zehring, pastor, in the former on the 7th, and in the latter on the 14th of April. At the former place three members of a catechumen class of ten were confirmed, and fifty-two persons communed; and at the latter, twenty-five members of a class of twenty-seven catechumens were confirmed, of whom three are heads of families. One young man, who expected to be confirmed, died several weeks previous to the day of confirmation. At both places, the number of communicants was larger than usual, and much interest prevailed.

The Sunday-school connected with the church at Altoona, Pa., Rev. A. C. Whitmer, pastor, celebrated its tenth anniversary on Sunday afternoon of the 14th instant. A very favorable notice of the school and of its anniversary services appeared in the daily papers of the place on the following day. Singing, prayer, lifting of alms, reading of reports and addresses by the pastor and others, made up the programme of the occasion. The infant school also attracted considerable attention. Their youthful voices joined in happy melody to the Lord. The reciting of the Apostles' Creed in unison formed part of the closing exercises.

A large audience was present. The school is represented as being in a flourishing condition, and is especially commended for the happy influence exerted upon the scholars. The attendance during the year was unusually good, many scholars not having missed a single lesson.

#### PITTSBURGH SYNOD

The post-office address of the Rev. D. B. Lady, who has recently been installed pastor of the Brush Creek charge, is Manor Station, Westmoreland county, Pa.

#### WESTERN GERMAN SYNOD.

Rev. J. F. H. Dieckman, of Galion, Ohio, has accepted a call from St. Luke's church, Louisville, Kentucky, and expects to commence his labors in his new field about the middle of May.

Rev. Dr. J. H. Klein, of Louisville, Ky., has accepted a call from the church at Galion, Ohio, and expects to enter upon the duties of his new field of labor at Whitsunday. Thus, it would seem, Louisville and Galion have made an exchange of pastors.

#### WESTERN CHURCH.

The present post-office address of the Rev. W. Heusser is Fountain City, Buffalo county, Wis.

Rev. T. H. Stepler, of Carothers, Ohio, has accepted a call from the charge at Lima, Ohio, and expects to enter soon on the duties of his new field of labor.

#### DELEGATES TO THE GENERAL SYNOD.

In consequence of the fact, that several of the Classes did not, until recently, elect their delegates to the General Synod, or report them in the periodicals of the Church, the usual list of Delegates, which we publish on such occasions, must necessarily be incomplete. As far as they can be ascertained, however, they are here given.

#### SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

*East Pennsylvania Classis.*—Rev. A. J. G. Dubbs, S. A. Leinbach, Dr. T. C. Porter, and A. J. Herman, and Elders Jacob Rader, Thomas F. Nutz, Thomas Faust, and Geo. Hagenbuch, *primarii*; and Rev. S. G. Wagner, D. Y. Heisler, W. R. Hofford, and T. O. Stem, and Elders Elias Troxell, Wm. Gruver, B. Ferner, and Louis Laux, *secundi*.

*Lebanon Classis.*—Rev. Dr. C. H. Leinbach, Dr. B. Bausman, Dr. T. S. Johnston, and Dr. C. F. McCauley, and Elders John Meily, John F. Orth, F. W. Hoffman, and J. H. Michael, *primarii*; and Rev. A. E. Leinbach, Dr. F. W. Kremer, Dr. Geo. Wolff, and T. C. Leinbach, and Elders S. H. Madden, E. L. Kilmer, D. Weitzel, and E. B. Shuey, *secundi*.

*Philadelphia Classis.*—Rev. Dr. D. Van Horn, Dr. J. H. A. Bomberger, and Dr. H. W. Super, and Elders H. C. Hoover, Thos. Ingram, and Jacob Force, *primarii*; and Rev. Dr. D. E. Klopp, J. H. Sechler, and W. Sorber, and Elders H. M. Stauffer, W. Brownback, and R. W. Eastlack, *secundi*.

*Lancaster Classis.*—Rev. Dr. T. G. Apple, W. H. Snyder, and Dr. E. V. Gerhart, and Elders G. W. Hensel, W. H. Seibert, and G. Z. Kunkel, *primarii*; and Rev. D. W. Gerhard, J. H. Dubbs, and C. Clever, and Elders J. Kistler, J. S. Wagner, and A. Mader, *secundi*.

*East Susquehanna Classis.*—Rev. C. S. Ger-

hard, J. K. Millet, and C. H. Reiter, and Elders J. Hilbush, G. Hill, and D. Eschbach, *primarii*; and Rev. G. W. Engle, G. D. Gurley, and A. R. Hottenstein, and Elders C. Newhard, C. Fenstennacher, and H. Snavely, *secundi*.

*West Susquehanna Classis.*—(Not elected). *Goshenhoppen Classis.*—Rev. Dr. C. Z. Weiser and Elder D. B. Mauger, *primarii*; and Rev. L. J. Mayer and Elder John Holloway, *secundi*.

*Tohickon Classis.*—Rev. D. Rothrock and G. W. Roth, and Elders S. T. Morris and Jacob Harr, *primarii*; and Rev. J. G. Dengler and J. Kehm, and Elders T. O. Pearson and Daniel Gerhart, *secundi*.

#### SYNOD OF OHIO.

*Miami Classis.*—Rev. Dr. I. H. Reiter, Dr. S. Mease, and H. M. Herman, and Elders A. H. Baumgart, W. Kefauver, and J. Siegfried, *primarii*; and Rev. Dr. W. Winters, W. A. Hale, and J. Steiner, and Elders J. Swander, Geo. F. Wentz, and J. F. Kemp, *secundi*.

*Lancaster Classis.*—Rev. H. T. Spangler and Austin Brown, and Elders Geo. Holman and Peter Brown, *primarii*; and Rev. M. Loucks and C. Hoymen, and Elders J. C. Allen and E. Beighler, *secundi*.

*Tuscarawas Classis.*—Rev. S. C. Gross and T. J. Bacher, and Elders T. W. Chapman and J. Weimer, *primarii*; and Rev. E. Herbruck and Dr. S. B. Leiter, *secundi*.

*Tiffin Classis.*—Rev. Dr. G. W. Williard and J. Richards, and Elders Louis Keller and John Hilbush, *primarii*; and Rev. N. H. Loose and L. H. Kefauver, and Elders G. Good and A. Sohn, *secundi*.

*St. John's Classis.*—Rev. Dr. P. Herbruck and Dr. P. Greding, and Elders C. Herzer and D. Zimmerman, *primarii*; and Rev. Dr. H. Korthauer and W. H. Wittenweiler, and Elders G. Lautenschlager and C. Hanenkrat, *secundi*.

*Eastern Ohio Classis.*—Rev. E. H. Otting and Elder W. S. Winnings, *primarii*; and Rev. H. Hilbush and Elder J. Williard, *secundi*.

*North Illinois Classis.*—Rev. D. Lantz and Elder F. Bolender, *primarii*; and Rev. I. A. Sites and Elder C. T. Kleckner, *secundi*.

#### Shelby Classis.

*Iowa Classis.*—Rev. D. S. Fouse and Elder D. Cort, *primarii*.

*St. Joseph Classis.*—Rev. J. R. Skinner and E. R. Williard, and Elders P. Jacoby and P. Loose, *primarii*; and Rev. L. Grosenbaugh and W. H. Ziegler, and Elders J. H. App and S. A. Brownwell, *secundi*.

*Cincinnati Classis.*—Rev. J. Bachman and F. W. Berleman, and Elders H. Schroer and H. Wunker, *primarii*; and Rev. B. R. Hücker and C. F. W. Stechow, and Elders C. Ulhrock and H. Geule, *secundi*.

*Kansas Classis.*—Rev. J. A. Keller and Elder F. Isely, *primarii*; and Rev. J. A. Nicolai and Elder H. Mehrwein, *secundi*.

#### SYNOD OF THE NORTHWEST.

*Indiana Classis.*—Rev. Dr. J. H. Klein, S. N. Kessler, and P. Joeris, and Elders H. Marcus, W. Schaley, and P. Jundt, *primarii*; and Rev. L. Praikshatis M. G. I. Stern, and C. F. Keller, and Elders H. Schroer, C. Schmidt and D. Wenning, *secundi*.

*Sheboygan Classis.*—Rev. H. A. Muehlemeier and J. Blaetgen, and Elder A. Ortmeier, *primarii*; and Rev. J. Hauser and W. H. Henschen, and Elders C. Weber and A. Scheele, *secundi*.

*Heidelberg Classis.*—Rev. J. H. Stepler, C. Wisner, and H. Eusterliz, and Elders C. Vogt, P. Kehler, and L. Schmidt, *primarii*; and Rev. M. Heineze, J. Witer, and E. F. A. Schade, and Elders G. Rier, G. Neidhart, and J. Hoeb, *secundi*.

*Erie Classis.*—Rev. J. C. Young and C. G. Zipp, and Elders B. Sturman and W. Becker, *primarii*; and Rev. F. Forick and W. Renner, and Elders A. Pretzler and A. Closse, *secundi*.

*Milwaukee Classis.*—Rev. A. Becker and F. L. Ich, and Elders F. Saders and C. Frederick, *primarii*; and Rev. I. A. Meier and J. E. Terborg, and Elders M. Brown and G. Kremer, *secundi*.

#### Minneapolis Classis.

*Zion's Classis.*—Rev. P. J. Dippell and C. F. Kriete, and Elders H. Inover and H. Tous, *primarii*; and Rev. J. Niehoff and P. Ruhl, and Elders E. Vordermark and A. Mohr, *secundi*.

*Nebraska Classis.*—Rev. F. Hullhorst and Elder J. Max, *primarii*; and Rev. C. G. A. Hullhorst and Elder J. Reiter, *secundi*.

#### Ursinus Classis.

*Clarion Classis.*—Rev. H. Hoffman and D. S. Diefenbacher, and Elders H. Hoch and C. H. Beishous, *primarii*; and Rev. J. H. Pennecker and W. C. B. Shulzberger, and Elders D. Crawford and F. Stahlman, *secundi*.

*St. Paul's Classis.*—Rev. D. D. Leberman and Elder C. M. Boush, *primarii*; and Rev. J. H. Apple and Elder A. G. Apple, *secundi*.

*Somerset Classis.*—Rev. A. E. Truxal and Elder J. Horner, *primarii*; and Rev. L. D. Steckel and Elder W. S. Suder, *secundi*.

#### Allegheny Classis.

(Not elected.)

#### SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

*Zion's Classis.*—Rev. Dr. I. S. Weisz, W. F. Colliflower, and G. W. Glessner, and Elders J. H. Fesselfinger, G. Julius, and E. Krone, *primarii*; and Rev. D. Gring, Dr. M. Kieffer, and J. Ault, and Elders F. M. McKeehan, C. A. Shultz, and H. A. Baschore, *secundi*.

*Maryland Classis.*—Rev. Dr. J. W. Sante, W. Goodrich, and E. R. Eschbach, and Elders L. Markell, J. T. Motter, and H. W. Shriver, *primarii*; and Rev. N. H. Skyles, A. R. Kremer, and J. S. K

## Youth's Department.

## AN EASTER POEM.

Bursting from earth in air of early spring,  
I found a lily growing sweet and wild;  
And plucked the blossom, snowy fair, to bring,  
As type of resurrection, to my child;

With it to show

How out of death divinest life might grow.

I told her then what Easter meant, and why  
There seemed such gladness in the world to  
reign;

Why clear-voiced choirs sang so exultantly

The joyful anthem "Christ is risen again!"

That, dying, He

Had taken from the grave its victory.

"Because 'He died and rose again,'" I said,  
"The dark and shadowy valley none need fear;

The little brother that to *you* seemed dead

Was only on Christ's bosom heavenly near;

There is no tomb

Can prison or hide the soul's immortal bloom."

O! impotence of words! Who can explain  
This wondrous mystery? And yet, perchance,

Through one white lily on God's altar lain

My child may grasp the flower's significance,

And, kneeling, say,

"A little child doth yield her heart to-day!"

—Mrs. L. C. Whiton, in April *WIDE AWAKE.*

## THE STORY OF A LEAF.

BY E. C.

In the midst of the forest stood an oak that had been torn and burned by the lightning until no part of it was left alive, save one branch, and that somehow managed to suck enough sweetness and strength from the earth to put forth a few leaves when the Spring came. The sun shone, and the warm rain fell upon them, but all the leaves save one were so discontented they would not grow; but that one grew large and green.

"What is the use of growing?" said a small leaf quite at the end of the branch. "There are no leaves but us on this dead tree, and we'll only live till Fall, anyway. What's the use of growing?"

"We can do our best," replied the happy leaf, swinging to and fro in the breeze. "There's no knowing what may happen, and if we do our best, we'll be ready for anything."

In May, a roller, a little bird with a greenish-blue breast, and lovely blue and black wings, built with his mate a little nest just beneath the contented leaf. Soon four lustrous white eggs lay in the nest, and in a short time in their place were four callow nestlings.

"There's no knowing what may happen," said the happy leaf, as it balanced itself on the wind to protect the birdlings from the rain, or the sunshine. "I could not do this if I had not done my best in the Spring. There's no knowing what may happen!"

Every morning the roller perched himself upon the topmost twig of the dead tree, and sang, "Crag, crag, craag," in praise of his friend the leaf; and the birdlings said they would sing the praises of the leaf as soon as they were old enough.

At last the roller and his family flew away, to return no more. Every evening the sun crept a little farther toward the south; and slowly the beech trees turned yellow as gold. The oaks grew russet-brown; but the one leaf on the dead tree, that had done its best all Summer, grew glowing red, like a tulip. By and by came the glistening frost, and the keen north wind, and then away went the leaf like a bit of flame, whirling and whirling till it fell upon a violet all curled up for its Winter nap.

"Oh, beautiful leaf, stay and protect me from the snow!" said the violet.

"I'll do the best I can," replied the leaf. "There's no knowing what may happen!" And it stretched itself over the little plant, and soon, out of the gray clouds fell the snow, and hid the leaf, and all the world, under a whiteness like a shroud.

It was the day before Easter, and the children were searching the forest for flowers with which to adorn the church for the festival. Some found the white saxifrage, and some the gay eyebright, but little Gertrude, the cripple, who could not skip about much, found a great cluster of purple violets, beneath the gauzy skeleton of an oak-leaf.

The next morning, when the bells rang a joyous peal, and the church was filled with worshippers, long rays of

light streamed through the chancel window, and made a glory about the altar, where stood a cross of flowers, white as snow, save a tiny thread of purple violets that wound across it, and spelled again the glad tidings,

"Christ is Risen."

And at the foot of the cross lay a withered, gauzy oak-leaf.

Ah, me! there's no knowing what may happen, if we do our best, every day.

## AN UNCONSCIOUS SERMON.

Mr. Harvy was riding slowly along the dusty road, looking in all directions for a stream, or even a house where he might refresh his tired, thirsty horse with a good draught of water. While he was thinking and wondering, he turned an abrupt bend in the road, and saw before him a comfortable-looking farm-house, and at the same time a boy ten or twelve years old came out into the road with a small pail and stood directly before him.

"What do you wish, my boy?" said Mr. Harvy, stopping his horse.

"Would your horse like a drink, sir?" said the boy, respectfully.

"Indeed he would, and I was wondering where I could obtain it."

Mr. Harvy thought little of it, supposing, of course, the boy earned a few pennies in this manner, and therefore he offered him a bit of silver, and was astonished to see him refuse it.

"I would like you to take, it he said, looking earnestly at the child and observing for the first time that he limped slightly.

"Indeed, sir, I don't want it. It is little enough I can do for myself or any one; I am lame, and my back is bad, sir, and mother says, no matter how small a favor may seem, if it is all we are capable of, God loves it as much as He does a very large favor, and this is the most I can do for others. You see, sir, the distance from Painsville is eight miles to this spot, and I happen to know there is no stream crossing the road that distance, and the houses are all some distance from the road, and so, sir, almost every one passing here from that place is sure to have a thirsty horse."

Mr. Harvy looked down into the gray eyes that were kindling and glowing with the thought of doing good to others, and a moisture gathered in his own, as a moment later he jogged off, pondering deeply upon the quaint little sermon that had been delivered so innocently and unexpectedly.—*Young Folks' News.*

## CHAMOIS HUNTING IN THE ALPS.

There are yet in the Alps many pastures on high mountain ridges that neither cows nor goats are able to ascend. These are the lonely retreats of the grayish-brown chamois, that roam in flocks from one rendezvous to another, and there feed, after the guards have been posted, so that they may be made aware of any sudden attack.

For hours at a time these guards stand on the summit of a rock where there is barely room enough for the feet of a chamois. With its pointed horns the chamois defends itself from eagles and vultures; but from the hunter's balls it secures safety only by vigilance and swiftness, as well as by bold leaps up and down steep precipices, and sometimes over wide chasms.

It excites the greatest astonishment to see with what certainty and adroitness these animals, with the smallest start, deserv and make use of an almost perpendicular wall as a means of escape that man would think an impossible outlet.

The most courageous inhabitants of the Alps take a particular pleasure in looking for and killing the chamois in the wilds of the highest mountains.

Great courage, great presence of mind and great perseverance are wanted in chamois-hunting. With the thick-soled shoes, the iron-tipped stick, the pointed hat, ornamented with a chamois beard, and the double-barrel rifle, the hunter starts in the evening, or very early in the morning, to surprise the chamois at their pastures.

The giddy path lies up steep walls, over precipices, masses of rolling stones and fields of snow and ice. To help him-

self in danger, the hunter carries, also, an ax and a rope; with these he cuts steps or lets himself down from rock to rock. If he has finally reached the heights where the chamois feed, he must approach them without being seen, and must take care that the wind blows from where the chamois are toward him. It is often necessary to take a round-about way, for many hours at a time, over cliffs and precipitous rocks, and it is not rare for a hunter to be from eight to fourteen days before he can obtain a shot.

In such a hunt it is not a rare occurrence if he passes the night under the blue sky, between high, snow-covered mountains. He generally takes with him provisions for several days. If the chamois have caught sight of him, they escape up the rocks; the hunter follows them, often incurring great danger in climbing, when he has reached a place where he can neither go forward nor backward.

If the chamois have become quiet in the meantime the hunter looks for a hiding-place, where he lurks until the chamois come near enough to be shot at; then it costs one or two of them their lives, as the chamois-hunter never misses. If he has killed one, he commences a new and dangerous work. He must go in quest of the prey, that has perhaps fallen over a precipice; and then, with from a hundred to a hundred and fifty pounds burden, he will return home.

He binds the chamois' feet together, and places them so that the feet are on his forehead and the rest of the body is on his shoulders and back. With this burden he goes up and down precipitous cliffs, over slippery fields of snow and dangerous glaciers. Often thick fogs come up, so that he can see but a few feet ahead; or a furious tempest breaks out, that threatens to precipitate the hunter into the abyss; or vultures hurl themselves down on his shelter, when he climbs a steep precipice, and try to push him down.

It is no wonder, therefore, that, yearly, chamois-hunters lose their lives in falling down a gap in the ice, or a precipice; nevertheless, other inhabitants of the Alps undertake this dangerous cha, that only brings them a few florins, only the skin and horns of the chamois are bought.—*Sunday Magazine.*

## FORGIVENESS.

Little Nelli Palmer was a sweet little girl about five years of age, and every night shloved to kneel down by her mother's side and pray. One of the prayers that she was in the habit of using was "the Lord's Prayer." One night after being undressed, she kneeled down as usual, and began to say, "Our Father, who art in heaven," but when she got as far as "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive," she stopped short and burst into tears.

"What is the matter, my child?" said her mother.

"Oh ma, I did not pray it all, and I can't pray it, I mustn't pray it," she replied.

"And why not, Nelli?"

"Because, ma, I haven't forgiven Susy Flanders for spoiling my doll's face this morning."

"But I thought that you had forgiven her, Nelli, when you saved the orange for her to-day at dinner."

"I thought so, too, ma, but you know I have not seen her yet; and when I think of that great inkspot soaked into the wax, and think how wicked Susy looked, my heart feels real wicked, too, and I am afraid if she should look so at me again, that I couldn't give her the orange then, or forgive her either."

"Not if you remember that it is just such as she that Christ told you to forgive?"

"Oh, dear, ma, I don't know!" said Nelli, still sobbing; "poor Dolly's face will never be clean again, and Susy need not have done it; it would have been easier to bear if it had been an accident."

"Yes, I know, Nelli, and there would be less to forgive; but if you

can do it now, it will be easier for you to forgive greater wrongs when you grow older."

"Why, ma, what could be greater? Dolly's face is spoiled."

"It could be greater, when you are grown up, Nellie, to have somebody put a great black spot upon your character by slander. It is done to somebody every day, Nellie, and you may not escape; and if you cannot forgive a wrong to Dolly, how will you be able to do better towards one against yourself?"

"But, ma, how can I make forgiveness, when it won't come itself into my heart?"

"You can pray to Christ to send it, can't you?"

"Yes," she answered slowly; "but would rather you would ask for me first; please do—won't you, ma?"

So the mother sought the grace of forgiveness for the little girl, who then prayed for herself, and to her surprise added also "the Lord's Prayer." And she whispered, as she rose up, "I wasn't afraid to say that then, ma, for I felt forgiveness coming into my heart when we were praying; and I shan't be afraid to give her the orange to-morrow." S. S. Scholar.

## THE CASTLE-BUILDER.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

A gentle boy, with soft and silver locks,  
A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,  
A castle-builder, with his wooden blocks,  
And towers that touch imaginary skies;  
A fearless rider on his father's knee,  
An eager listener unto stories told  
At the Round Table of the nursery,  
Of heroes and adventures manifold.  
There will be other towers for thee to build;  
There will be other steeds for thee to ride;  
There will be other legends, and all filled  
With greater marvels and more glorified.  
Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,  
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;  
Listen to voices in the upper air,  
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.

## SORRY IS NOT ENOUGH.

"Allan! Where is Allan?"

A moment ago he was playing with his little cart in the yard, hauling dirt to the currant-bushes. I cannot tell how many cartfuls he carried. He was busy as a little man. But Allan is gone. Where is his cart?

"Allan! Allan!"

"I see here!" at last said a voice from the back parlor.

"What are you there for?" asked his mother, opening the door and looking in.

Allan did not answer at first. He was standing in the corner with a pretty sober look on.

"Come out to your little cart," said his mother; "It is waiting for another run."

"I've not been here long 'nuff," said the little boy.

"What are you here for at all?" asked his mother.

"I'm punishing my own self. I picked some green currants, and they went into my mouth," said Allan.

"Oh! when mother told you not to? Green currants will make my little boy sick," said his mother in a sorry tone.

"You needn't punish me," said Allan; "I punish myself."

His mother often put him in the back parlor alone when he had been a naughty boy, and, you see, he took the same way with himself.

"Are you not sorry for disobeying your mother?" she asked Allan.

"I sorry, but sorry is not 'nuff. I stay here a good while and have thinks."

—S. S. Advocate.

## WORDS TO BOYS.

I think I would ask permission, if I had happened to be born in a city, to have the opportunity of passing all my vacations in the country, that I might learn the names of trees and flowers and birds. We are, as a people, sadly ignorant of all accurate rural knowledge. We guess at many country things, but we are certain of very few.

It is inexcusable in a grown-up person, like my amiable neighbor Simpkins, who lives from May to November on a farm of sixty acres in a beautiful wooded

countryside, not to know a maple from a beech, or a bobolink from a cat-bird. He once handed me a bunch of pansies and called them violets, and on another occasion he mistook sweet peas for geraniums."

What right has a human being, while the air is full of bird-music, to be wholly ignorant of the performer's name?

A boy ought also to be at home in a barn, and learn how to harness a horse, tinker up a wagon, feed the animals, and do a hundred useful things, the experience of which may be of special service to him in after-life as an explorer

or a traveler when unlooked-for emergencies befall him. I have seen an Ex-president of the United States, when an old man, descend from his carriage and rearrange buckles and straps about his horses when an accident occurred, while the clumsy coachman stood by in a kind of hopeless inactivity, not knowing the best thing to be done. The Ex-President told me he had learned about such matters on a farm in his boyhood, and so he was never at a loss for remedies on the road when his carriage broke down.

I would keep "better hours," if I were a boy again; that is, I would go to bed earlier than most boys do. Nothing gives more mental and bodily vigor than sound rest when properly applied. Sleep is our great replenisher, and if we neglect to take it regularly in childhood, all the worse for us when we grow up. If we go to bed early, we ripen; if we sit up late, we decay; and sooner or later we contract a disease called *insomnia*, allowing it to be permanently fixed upon us, and then we begin to decay, even in youth. Late hours are shadows from the grave.—*Field's Underbrush.*

## Pleasantries.

An Irish gentleman, hearing of a friend having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed: "By me sowl, an' that's a good idee! Sure, an' a stone coffin 'ud last a man his lifetime."

A Wisconsin editor illustrates the prevailing extravagance of people now-a-days by calling attention to the costly baby carriages in use, while, when he was a baby, they hauled him by the hair of his head.

"Can that horse run fast?" asked a boy of a milkman the other morning.

"No, sonny," replied the purveyor of aqueous lacteal fluid. "He can't run very fast, but he can stand the fastest of any horse ever you saw."</

## NOBILITY OF REPENTANCE.

There is only one way, and only one name under heaven, whereby men can be saved from sin. Looked at from the simple standpoint of reason, repentance of sin and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ is a mark of nobility.

We remember that Celsus did not think so, fifteen hundred years ago, when he counted Christianity a menial thing, because it went down, as he said, to slaves, children and fools; we remember that the Jews and Pharisees called its author a blasphemer, and denounced the whole system as a heresy; and we remember, also, that Colonel Ingersoll has tried to show a Baltimore audience, within two or three days, that religious experience is a piece of superstitious nonsense, when you get at the bottom of the question; in 1758 Voltaire said that God Himself would "be in a pretty plight" twenty years from that date—we do not forget all this blasphemous talk when we say that repentance of sin, through the precious blood of a Saviour, is a noble action. Surely no man will claim that he is not guilty of any sin; if a transgressor, then he ought to seek pardon for his wrong doing. A thief certainly recognizes the duty of turning from his evil life, if he has any feeling whatever on the subject; a gambler knows that he should forsake his evil practices. Those men who are too proud to be mean in action may not be right in motive. Some men are honest only from policy; others are quite satisfied with themselves when they place their lives by the side of some members of the Church, and we have no doubt they are as good as some members of the Church, although this is no proper criterion of Christian principle. There are moral and respected citizens who scorn lies, who repudiate whited sepulchers, who demand that the platter shall be clean on the inside as well as on the outside; but in all the range of human experience no man has ever lived without committing a sin of some kind, a willful sin, somewhere, and with a full sense of the wrong; be it much or little, he knows he is guilty before God. This being the fact, repentance becomes imperative if his heart is ever brought into a right state of feeling.

Repentance is more than outside submission. You cannot force a man to repent, and you must sometimes allow evil to work out its own curse. To have kept the prodigal at home when he demanded his patrimony, or to have treated him as a dutiful son before "he came to himself," would not have secured the result. The father did not go out after him until his impoverished face was turned toward home; and not until the wayward son *regretted* his course and felt that he had sinned against heaven and in the sight of his father, was he prepared to appreciate the nobility of Christian principle and humility.

Now we say that confession of wrong is noble, because it is the right thing to do; and it is the only way, because a man can not find peace or respect without it. Do you think less of a man who confesses that he did not do to you, or your friend, to himself or his God, as he ought to have done? Men may jeer at an associate and wink at each other over his profession of Christ, but is it possible for them to despise his sincerity? Is it a proud, high-headed, self-conceited sinner that we condemn, or a penitent, lowly-minded one? Why are we indignant toward an avaricious, stingy neighbor? For the simple reason that he is not sorry for his wrong doing or his selfish character. Let him but show a contrite spirit, and it matters not how bad his previous life, men will honor him and love him, just in proportion as this state of mind exists. Nay; if repentance is not a noble thing, then there is nothing noble under the sun.

And this is the only way of securing peace of conscience and joy in God. Sometimes men attend church with regularity and make gifts to the missionaries with the hope of satisfying the religious wants of their nature, but if there is no divine love in the heart it is much like taking pebble stones into the stomach with the hope of giving nourishment to the body. It cannot be done. Sometimes men try to reform the outer life, the conduct, but they always fail in the end to satisfy conscience, for evil desires and habits generally get the better. Then they give up, it may be, and rush to the other extreme and try to believe in atheism—but God will not be put away. The fact is that man cannot forsake his sins, or the Almighty in His own strength, or by any other course than that of submission to grace. "I wish," said Mme. De Sevigne, "I wish to be religious. I plague La Mousse about it every day. I belong at present neither to God nor the devil; and I find this condition very uncomfortable, though between you and me the most natural in the world." The conclusion of the whole matter is, therefore, plain. There is none other name given under heaven whereby ye can be

saved, except this name of Jesus Christ; and except ye believe, except ye submit to him, ye shall all likewise perish.—*Presbyterian Weekly.*

## THE COMFORTER.

One mistake which really good and pious people commit, is that they think the Holy Spirit of God to be merely, or little beside certain pleasant frames and feelings, and comfortable assurances in their own minds. They do not know that these pleasant frames and feelings really depend principally on their own health, and, then, when they get out of health, or when their brain is over-worked, and the pleasant feelings go, they are terrified and disheartened, and complain of spiritual dryness, and cry out that God's Spirit has deserted them, and are afraid that God is angry with them, or even that they have committed the unpardonable sin; not knowing that God is not a man that He should lie, nor a son of a man that He should repent; that God is as near them in the darkness as in the light; that whatever their own health or their own feelings may be, yet still in God they live and move, and have their being; that to God's Spirit they owe all which raises them above the dumb animals; that nothing can separate them from the love of Him who promised that He would not leave us comfortless, but send to us His Holy Ghost to comfort us, and exalt us to the same place whither He has gone before.—*From Rev. Charles Kingsley's "All Saints' Day and other Sermons.*

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